

# EDITORS' TOASTS

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Here's to the Senior!  
Here's to his health!  
Here's hoping he will  
Accumulate wealth!  
He spent three years in college,  
Also his dough.  
Here's hoping sincerely  
He aims far too low!

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Here's to the health of our  
ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE DEAN,  
And may the skin of a gooseberry  
Be big enough to cover up all his enemies!

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Here's to Doctor Way, so firm and bold,  
Who's respected by one and all;  
He means no harm by his "calls" so cold;  
May good luck on him always fall!

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Here's to the co-eds!  
They're sweeter far than some;  
For, while they speak, they use no slang,  
And chew no chewing gum.

Here's to Cincinnati, the Queen of the West,  
A dirty old city, but still nobly blest,  
For it's here that fine arts with the frivolous twine,  
A veritable Dutchland, just "Over the Rhine."  
Its beautiful hilltops and sweet girls the hit,  
The mud that we drink productive of grit;  
Her Coney, Lagoon, Chester Park, and the Zoo,  
Skyscrapers, the tumult and spirit "to do;"  
The kindest greeting from all we meet,  
A good draught of beer every ten or twelve feet;  
So, let's drink to the shades of the good and the bad,  
And never forget the fine times we've had!